K Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes and enter the *Queene.*

Queen. Awaie my Lord to *Barwicke* presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

Enter prince *Edward.*

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter *Exeter.*

Exet. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with (him:
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.
K Hen. Naie staie good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter *Clifford* wounded, with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king *Henry* light:
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friendes to thee,
And now *I* die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus* hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
And as thy father and his father did,

Gi-

Giuing no foot vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this woefull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and cureless are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands *I* haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwike* and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter *Edward*, *Richard* and *Warwike*, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwike* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled awaie with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?
Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.
Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,